



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From the Moral Lyceum.

### The Cabin Boy.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER V.

As the following day was Thanksgiving, (a famous holiday throughout the eastern states,) Jack had gone to town for the purpose of purchasing some necessary articles for the coming festival, when the foregoing letter was received. Mrs. Lawrence therefore laid it aside after reading it and cautioned her daughters to say nothing about it to Jack till the following morning, when it was her intention to surprise him with the pleasant tidings it contained.

Jack accordingly returned late in the evening, and on the following morning all hands were up at an early hour to enjoy the welcome holiday.

'What have you brought me for a thanksgiving present?' exclaimed little Jane, as she met Jack coming from his lodging-room.

'And what have you brought me?' exclaimed Harriet, almost in the same moment.

'We will see,' said Jack, taking from his pocket a fine doll for his youngest sister, and a beautiful little volume of poems for Harriet.

Both flew to him, and throwing their arms around his neck, almost quarreled as to which should have the first kiss, when Harriet exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear brother, how sorry I shall feel when you shall leave us?'

'Leave you,' exclaimed Jack, 'who has told you that I was going to leave you?'

'Why, the gentleman who sent me the letter,' exclaimed Harriet, 'wants you to come to Boston immediately.'

'What letter,' said Jack, 'you must be dreaming, Harriet. I have never before heard any thing about it.'

'Because,' said Harriet, 'you was not at home when the gentleman called; but here comes ma, who can tell you about it.'

Just at that moment Mrs. Lawrence entered the room with the letter in her hand which she gave Jack, and then stood watch-

ing his countenance as he cast his eyes over the contents.

As may well be supposed his countenance brightened as he proceeded, till he came to the end, when he jumped up, and clapped his hands, exclaimed, 'Oh mother, I am made for this world—what excellent news—what an excellent gentleman!'

Mrs. Lawrence, after waiting for the momentary excitement to subside, at length observed, 'And does the prospect of leaving me and your sisters make you thus happy?'

A shade of sadness passed over his before cheerful countenance at the rebuke, and he answered in a calmer tone, 'Forgive me, mother; it was not the prospect of leaving you that made me thus happy for whenever I have thought of going to sea, it has given me great pain to think how hard it would be to part with you and sisters: I was also fearful that you might suffer for the want of my poor help: but since the gentleman who sent you the letter has been so kind and generous as to send you the money, I shall be more willing to leave you, because I shall be sensible that you will not want for the necessaries of life during my absence.'

Mrs. Lawrence, sensible of the pain her rebuke had occasioned, replied in a more cheerful tone—'I have no reason, my son to charge you with being undutiful, and am sensible that a separation will be as painful on your part as on ours; but we must not be too selfish, and as so favorable an opportunity offers for going to sea, I am perfectly willing that you should improve it. But tell me, my son, whether you would choose to spend the winter at home or go to Boston, the gentleman, you perceive, has given you the choice.'

'Oh, I shall stay at home by all means,' said Jack, 'till a few days before the vessel sails, and as I have brought home several school books, must see what improvement I can make of my time during the winter.'

The winter, indeed, passed away, during which Jack continued at school, and having by this time learned the value of time, he made greater proficiency than any other pu-

pil in school, while he spent the greater part of the time, during the long winter evenings in instructing his little sisters; and when since speaking of the days of his childhood, has pronounced this winter the happiest season of his life.

Early in the spring he received a letter from the gentleman in Boston, before mentioned, requesting him to repair to that city in a few days, as the vessel in which he was engaged was to sail on the first day of April.

He therefore took an affectionate leave of his mother and sisters, who as we may well suppose, were very sorry to part with so affectionate and dutiful a boy as Jack, though they were confident that it was best that he should improve the opportunity that was offered, of going to sea. Little Jane cried very immoderately, and hung around his neck for a long time, declaring that he should not leave her; but promising to bring her a fine present when he returned, she was at length appeased and he bade them a good morning and set out for Boston.

Affectionate, indeed, was the meeting between him and the gentleman whom he had been the means of saving from the rock. As he had no children of his own, he informed Jack that he should henceforth consider him as his son, and as long as he continued to conduct himself well, he might have no fears of ever wanting a friend.

He then took him to the vessel, and introduced him to the Captain, who had been, as we have already remarked, an old friend of his father.

Having heard so much as to the heroic and generous conduct of Jack, he had designed him for a better station than that of a cabin boy; but to this Jack objected by saying, 'that as it was his design to become an expert seaman, he chose to commence in the capacity of a cabin boy, and asked no better fare than that to which his station entitled him.'

The captain was much pleased with his frank and generous spirit, and as the vessel sailed in a few days after, Jack soon became a general favorite among the whole crew.

Among the passengers on board was a lady from Liverpool, the wife of an English gentleman by the name of Mulford, who had been on a visit to some of her friends in Boston. She had with her a little daughter about six years of age, who soon became very much attached to Jack, who used to spend much of his leisure time in diverting her in various ways, sometimes by showing her his books, and other times leading her about the deck, and explaining to her the names and uses of the different parts the vessel.

This attention of Jack to her daughter was very pleasing to Mrs. Mulford, who was a very kind hearted and intelligent lady, and besides his other good properties, when she had heard his story, became still more attached to him, and afterwards spent much time in conversing with him. But what was to her particularly pleasing, was the affectionate manner in which he always spoke of his mother and sisters.

After a short and pleasant passage, the vessel arrived at Liverpool, and anchored at a short distance from the town, when a great many people who had friends among the passengers came on board to meet them. Among them was the husband of Mrs. Mulford, who, anxious to see his wife and daughter, was one of the first who came on board, and after an affectionate meeting were preparing to go on shore. But before leaving the vessel, Mrs. Mulford introduced Jack to him, and informed him of the kind attention he had paid to her daughter during the voyage.

Mr. Mulford thanked him, and, after telling him that he must not fail to pay them a visit during his stay in Liverpool, and stepped into the boat with Mrs. Mulford, and then turned around to take his little daughter whose name was Julia, from the boatswain, who stood in readiness to hand her into the boat. Jack, who had just taken his leave of her, and promised to pay her a visit before leaving the city, stood watching her movements with the most intense interest, as if in expectation of the disaster which happened.

Just as Mr. Mulford was about to take her from the hands of the boatswain, by some inadvertency the boat suddenly creened, Mr. Mulford stumbled, and little Julia was precipitated into the water between the boat and the vessel.

Mrs. Mulford gave a shriek, and fell into a swoon; while her husband, petrified with horror, stood like one out of his senses; and the boat's crew, like others who often lose their command when most needed, tumbled over each other, and had nearly upset the boat; while those on deck seemed equally at a loss what to do. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a sudden plunge was heard at the ship's side, followed by a sheet of foam and bubbles, and all was again still. A breath-

less silence succeeded, and a moment after the surface of the water was again broken, and Jack was seen floating by the side of the boat supporting himself with one arm, while in the other he held the almost lifeless form of little Julia. In another moment both were in safety on the deck, and the scene that followed we shall reserve for the following chapter.

#### CHAPTER VI.

When the excitement of the moment, occasioned by the foregoing accident, had a little subsided, and Mrs. Mulford had so far recovered from her swoon as to find her little daughter again in her arms, she first raised her eyes to heaven in silent thanksgiving, and then inquired of whom, next to heaven, she was indebted for the preservation of her child? 'This noble boy,' replied Mr. Mulford, leading forward Jack, in his dripping garments; 'it is to the heroic conduct of this noble boy, next to a kind Providence, that we owe the life of our only child;' and then addressing himself to little Julia, who had received but little injury, except a wetting by the accident, and who, in her childish simplicity, was already beginning to amuse herself at her awkward condition, 'Look up here, my daughter,' said he, 'and thank this generous boy for risking his own life to save yours.'

Julia, who was a kind hearted and sensible girl, and had also acquired an attachment for Jack during the voyage, threw her arms about his neck, as she would have done to a brother, and assured him that she should never forget his kindness to her during the voyage, as well as the additional debt of gratitude he had laid her under by rescuing her from a watery grave, and begged that he would spend what time he could spare at her father's house during his stay in Liverpool.

Jack made no reply, but looked at his tarpaulin dress, as if he would have said, 'a pretty figure I should cut at the splendid mansion of an English gentleman in my sailor's habit.' But Mr. and Mrs. Mulford joining in the request, he was at last prevailed on to promise them a visit during his stay in the city.

Several days passed away after this event, during which time Jack was too busily engaged about the vessel to think of any thing else; and though he was highly complimented by his shipmates on his late heroic conduct, and some hints were occasionally hove out as to what might hereafter happen between himself and the little Julia; being a modest and unassuming lad, instead of becoming vain of his exploits, he used to reply to these good-humored jokes, that he had done no more than his duty, and that any one could have accomplished what he had done without difficulty or danger.

The cargo being at length discharged, and

having now considerable leisure time before him, Captain D. who was a very kind and indulgent commander, reminded him of his engagement to visit Mr. Mulford and family.

He would gladly have excused himself much as he desired again to see little Julia, on account of what he considered his rustic dress and habits; but Captain D. who knew more of the world, and especially how much better a seaman appears in his own garb and habits than in any other, insisted on his compliance with his engagement, and away went Jack to pay a visit to one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Liverpool, dressed in a blue jacket, tarpaulin hat, and striped trowsers.

The splendid mansion of Mr. Mulford was situated in the suburbs of the city, in the middle of an extensive park, set with elegant shrubs and plants, with a porter at the gate, and every other indication of a wealthy and fashionable British gentleman.

Jack stopped as he came to the gate, and tho' free from that silly bashfulness that often makes people appear to a great disadvantage, but still fearful of being thought too forward, hesitated as he approached the surly old porter, to consider in what manner he should best make known his business. But as he stood thus hesitating, he was addressed in a gruff and angry manner by the other, who asked him what he wanted in thus loitering about the gate.

Jack, a little indignant at the insolent manner in which he was addressed, replied with boldness, 'I wish to enter, sir.'

'You do,' exclaimed the other, in the same angry tone, 'If that is what you want, you had better budge, or I will send you to the house of correction.' 'Not so fast,' said Jack, 'and don't talk to me about the house of correction; I came to visit your master, and if he was here, he would probably treat me with more civility.'

'Bold words, indeed, my young tar,' said the porter, 'and so you say you have business with my master; pray be so good as to tell me what it can be? to ask some deed of charity, I dare say?' The sunburnt countenance of Jack was flushed with a glow of virtuous indignation at the thought of being mistaken for a common beggar, and with more anger than he often displayed when he considered himself insulted, replied;—'After being invited by Mr. Mulford himself to visit him at his house, I had expected to do so without being insulted by his domestics. So if you calculate to let me pass, please to do so without further ceremony; if not I will return to the vessel.'

'Ha!' said the other, with his grim countenance relaxing into something like a smile, 'you are then the young yankee lad that saved my little mistress from drowning the other day; come in, come in, my little tar, my



master Mulford has been expecting you for several days.' Then surveying his seaman's dress, he continued, 'but, I am thinking, you would have done as well to have put on a little better outfit.'

Jack thought as much himself, but remembering that it was the orders of his master, made no reply, but entered the gate, and walked towards the mansion.

As he approached the door and saw another porter standing in the hall, he prepared for another rencontre similar to that he had just passed; but as he was about to address him, he was relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of little Julia, who had observed him from the window, and now came bounding towards him like a fawn. Before either had time to speak, she threw her arms around his neck, and begged him to walk in, as her father and mother had long been expecting him.

He was accordingly ushered into the drawing-room, splendidly furnished; and however he might have been embarrassed under other circumstances, he recollected of hearing it observed, that people always appeared to the best advantage when they appeared the most natural, he made himself as much at home as if he had been in his mother's cottage.

He was soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Mulford who treated him in the most affectionate manner, and introduced him to several of their friends, as the brave lad who had saved the life of their daughter.

All joined in asking him a great many questions about his country and his friends, and were much pleased with the correctness of his answers; but what interested them the most was the affection with which he spoke of his mother and sisters. In this manner the day passed away, and at evening he took his leave, having received a promise from the family that they would visit him on board of the vessel before it sailed.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Our juvenile readers have doubtless been waiting a considerable time to hear what has become of the cabin boy, whom we left a short time ago at the house of Mr. Mulford, in Liverpool: after spending the day very agreeably, he returned to the ship, where he was visited the day before it sailed by the interesting family, who treated him very affectionately and sent several rich presents to his mother and sisters.

He had a safe and prosperous voyage homeward, and if our limits permitted, we might mention a number of interesting incidents that occurred after his return from sea. But as we propose to finish our story in this chapter, we must pass over many amusing circumstances that occurred during his second and third voyage to Liverpool, and only notice the events of the fourth and last voyage,

which though it commenced with a series of misfortunes, terminated in the making of his fortune.

Having hitherto only crossed the Atlantic, he felt a desire to see more of the world, and a few days after he became twelve years old, by the recommend of Captain——, he obtained the station of cabin boy on board the ship *Jefferson*, bound to Calcutta.

As the wind was favorable, the vessel, was wafted from the shore, and commenced her trackless course towards the eastern Hemisphere. Several days, and even weeks, passed away, without any particular disaster, or circumstance worth noticing. As they were to put in at the Cape of Good Hope, they approached much nearer the coast of Africa than is customary with vessels bound to India.

Having crossed the equator, they were bearing to the southward, when just as the sun went down, a dark heavy cloud appeared just above the horizon, accompanied with occasional flashes of lightning, and followed with the distant roar of thunder. As sudden storms of wind, rain, and thunder, are common in the latitude in which they were sailing at that season of the year, no immediate apprehension was experienced till about ten in the evening, when the sky became suddenly obscured, and a sudden gust of wind laid the vessel almost upon her beam ends. She, however, righted; and though the first blast soon passed over, the sea became suddenly agitated, and the vessel was driven at a furious rate before the wind. As the sails were soon taken in, and every necessary precaution taken, little danger was apprehended; and in this manner they continued to sail with the wind when a streak of lightning ran down the main mast, and glancing on the mizen, shattered them both to fragments, besides greatly damaging the deck and hull. This was followed by a sudden blast of wind, which laid her completely on her beam ends, in which situation she continued to drift, exposed to all the fury of the contending elements, and the only chance of safety was in boats. While preparing to do this, Jack was sent by the Captain to remove some articles from the state-room, when the wreck gave a lunge, which disengaged the boat from her, and as Jack was supposed to have perished, he was accordingly abandoned to his fate. Considering his case as desperate, he at first made but little effort to extricate himself; but judging from the motion of the wreck that the storm was abating, he placed himself near the cabin window, where he remained till morning, finding the wreck still afloat, and that the storm had entirely passed over, he succeeded in forcing the window, and once more found himself in the open air. His first impulse was to thank heaven for his deliverance thus far, and implore its protection through the

dangers that awaited him. His attention was of course next directed to the means of escape, and for this purpose he cast his eyes around the wide expanse of waters with which he was surrounded, to see if there was a sail in view, or any other object that might excite a ray of hope. At first nothing appeared but the wide extended ocean, still considerably agitated by the storm of the preceding night; but as the sun arose, a bright streak, somewhat above the level of the water, appeared in the eastern horizon. This he at first considered to be no other than a cloud; but remaining stationary, and becoming more visible as the day progressed, he was satisfied that it must be the western coast of Africa, and his attention was of course directed to the means of attaining it.

[We omit an account of his escape upon a raft, his landing and several months' residence among the natives, when he was taken off by an English trader, and landed in Bristol.]

If he thought himself fortunate in finding himself once more in a civilized country, after his long and painful adventures, this was all he could boast of, as he not only found himself among strangers, but with his remaining garments in tatters, his skin parched with the burning sunbeams of the torrid zone, and not a single penny in his pocket. Under such circumstances, almost any other boy of his age would have given up under discouragement; but Jack was a spirited fellow, and instead of being ashamed of his present shabby condition, he would often smile as he looked down upon himself, observing good humoredly, 'I wonder what my mother would say to see me in my present plight.' His first intention was to go on board of an American vessel and return home; but on applying for a passage, he was laughed and hooted at by the crew, who took him for a vagabond or a runaway; and though he attempted to tell his story, they only laughed at him for thinking that he could thus easily impose upon their credulity.

It is true Jack felt somewhat indignant at the reception he met with, which was very different from what he had reason to expect from his own countrymen and seamen; but when he reflected upon his present circumstances and appearance, he could not so much blame them for taking him for a runaway. What was next to be done? No American vessel would take him home in his present shabby condition, and no one would employ him where he was. The only kindness he experienced was from an Irish tar that he fell in with on board an American Vessel, who, with the characteristic frankness of his nation, not only reproved his shipmates for their uncivil treatment, but assisted him in a cast off suit of his own, which though even a great deal too large, he contrived to make them fit by cutting off the legs of his trousers and the sleeves of his

coat, and thus equipped, though much more comfortable than before, his appearance was actually more laughable. The kind-hearted Irishman gave him three English shillings in money, and as he learned that it was the intention of Jack to go to Liverpool, gave him a letter of recommendation to his former ship master, who now resided in that city.—The tears started from the eyes of Jack as he took leave of the honest tar, and in better spirits than he had experienced for many days commenced his journey by land to the above mentioned city.

He could not help laughing when he saw his singular shadow as he walked along the high road, which seemed to mock his ridiculous appearance; and when he reflected upon the sorry figure that he was likely to cut at the splendid mansion of Mr. Mulford, whom he intended to visit, he laughed outright. But besides the inconvenience that he felt from his ill-shaped apparel, he found that it subjected him to other disadvantages, as every boy that he met laughed at him, and called him a runaway and a vagabond; and did not stop at pelting him with stones and brickbats. Jack, however, bore his lot with patience, as he said to himself, 'an unkind world this to the unfortunate.'

He had, however, nearly completed his journey on the evening of the third day after leaving Bristol, and though he used his money with the utmost economy, he had not a single halfpenny remaining. This, however gave him but little trouble, as he was now within three hours walk of Liverpool; and though he would be compelled to sleep in the open air, he remembered that he had oft been worse lodged, and therefore began to look out for a comfortable place, where he would not be disturbed. Coming at length to a large farm house, he turned into the field, and laid himself down under the hedge, where he soon fell asleep. He had not, however, remained long in this situation, when he was aroused by the shouts of several persons, who appeared to be coming towards him with great speed, as if in pursuit of some one. His first impulse was to run, and had he done so, he would doubtless have been able to have made his escape. 'But why should I run?' said he to himself; 'I have injured no one, and have nothing to fear.' He accordingly raised himself up, and had not waited many minutes, when he found himself rudely seized by a country bumpkin, who exclaimed with an oath, 'I have got you at last, my young villain,' giving him at the same time, a hearty shake, that fairly made his joints to crack. He was in a moment after joined by two others, who also seized him in the same rude and unfeeling manner; and though Jack repeatedly inquired of them what he had done, the only answer that he could obtain was, 'Ha my young son,

we will now teach you what is what.' He was accordingly taken into the farm house, and carefully guarded through the night, and early the next morning was taken before a country magistrate for trial. He now, for the first time, learned the circumstances under which he had been arrested. It appeared that the orchard of the farmer, under whose hedge Jack had taken up his lodgings, had been robbed several nights in succession by some of the neighboring boys, and though a watch had been set, they had succeeded in eluding them. It was in pursuit of them that the men already mentioned fell in with Jack, and mistaking him for one of them, had arrested him in the manner above described.

It was in vain that he protested his innocence and entire ignorance of all participation in the affair! one swore that he had seen him in the garden, another stated that his pockets were filled with fruit at the time he had arrested him; and though he attempted to tell his story, he was sent to the workhouse for thirty days. Jack submitted to his lot with heroic fortitude; but as he was about to depart from the court-room, he inquired of the magistrate whether he was acquainted with Mr. Mulford of Liverpool. 'And supposing that I am,' replied his honor, 'what is that to the present purpose?'

'Nothing more, Sir,' said Jack, 'than this; if you should happen to see him, ask him if he remembers a boy by the name of Jack Lawrence.'

'Hey a dey, my young vagabond, you pretend to be an acquaintance with Mr. Mulford; you must not expect to catch old birds so easily. From your appearance, I should think you better acquainted with the town beadle than with Mr. Mulford of Liverpool; then laughing heartily at his own wit, ordered the constable to do his duty. Jack was accordingly sent to the town workhouse, where he remained for the thirty days appointed.

When he came out, before starting to Liverpool, he called upon the magistrate who had sentenced him, and, in a very respectful manner, inquired whether he knew him.

'Know you?' exclaimed the magistrate; 'my little gentleman, I know I sent you to the workhouse a few days ago, and will send you there again, my lad, if you do not leave the town immediately; we have already too many fellows like yourself about the streets.'

'I am calculating to leave the town,' said Jack, 'as soon as possible, and only called to say to your honor, that I am not the worthless vagabond you take me for, and if my own word is not sufficient to satisfy you, Mr. Mulford of Liverpool, will probably avouch for the truth of what I tell you.'

'Ha, my lad!' exclaimed the magistrate, 'so you want me to bite again at that bait, do

you? Out of my house this moment, you young scape gallows, or I will send you next time where you will not escape so easily.'

Jack bowed respectfully, and withdrew. As he was now only a few miles from Liverpool, he commenced his journey on foot, and had nearly reached the suburbs of the city, when he discovered a coach approaching. As he thought he recognized the arms of the Mulford family, with which he had become acquainted, he halted to satisfy himself; when greatly to his astonishment, the coach stopped and some one called him by name. In another moment, Julia descended from the carriage, and notwithstanding his odd and misshapen dress, embraced him as she would a brother, calling out to her parents, 'It is he—it is my kind-hearted cabin boy.' Mr. and Mrs. Mulford immediately descended from the coach, and though they were somewhat surprised to find him in his present plight, it did not prevent them from embracing him with all the tenderness that they could have shown to an only and dutiful son.

On learning from him the cause of his present shabby appearance, they took him into the coach and turned towards home.

After supplying him with all that his necessities required, they requested him to give them a detailed account of all that had transpired since leaving them. All listened with the most profound attention to the detail of his misfortunes, till he came to the point where he was cast in to the workhouse, when the indignation of Mr. Mulford knew no bounds. He immediately ordered his carriage, and taking Jack with him, set out for the house of the magistrate before mentioned.

When they arrived, and it was announced to his honor that Mr. Mulford had arrived, he was all plausibility, and seemed to consider himself highly honored by the visit; but on seeing Jack in his altered condition, his countenance changed, and, unsolicited, he commenced making an excuse for his unfeeling conduct. Mr. Mulford heard him through, after which he confirmed all that Jack had stated in his defence, and after giving the magistrate a severe reproof, departed.

Jack was detained several days in his family, where he was treated in the most affectionate manner, and Mr. Mulford even went so far as to hint to him, if he would marry in his family he would settle a part of his vast estate upon him; but finding him anxious to return to his mother and sisters, he at length obtained a passage for him on board of an American vessel. He had a prosperous voyage homeward, and found his mother and sisters in good health; their sufferings had been great indeed at the news of the loss of the vessel on board of which Jack had sailed, as he was supposed to have perished.

We will not attempt to describe the joyful



scene that followed, which, if possible, was increased by the news that arrived a few days after at the sea-side cottage. From this it appeared that Mr. Mulford had given orders to his agent in Boston to repurchase the estate formerly owned by Captain Lawrence, and bestow the same upon his widow, while he requested Jack to return again to Liverpool, for which place he sailed a few days after, and when we hear from him again, we trust that we shall hear that he has succeeded to that state of worldly prosperity to which his virtues so well entitle him.

For the Rural Repository.

Mr. Editor.—It has of late been customary for the members of the 'Social Club' in this place, to meet occasionally, for the purpose of relating such incidents as have transpired in their past history, and also such stories as they may have heard or read. Among the many told the last time we conversed, was the following, which I transmit to you without delay; and it is to be hoped, at the same time, that it will be received by your readers with as much joy and gratification, as it was by the members of the club, when related to them. This is but an abridgement, and I would refer those who wish to examine the details, to the Persian Tales, which have been translated by a Mr. Phillips. Should you deem it worthy of a place in your excellent columns, you will please insert. B. F. C.

Clockville, Madison Co. 1839.

### Personal Identity.

'The unbodied spirit flies—  
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.'

FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtue, succeeded his father Bin Ortoc in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beautiful consort queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing that he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in the kingdom. The young dervis after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation: and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favorite.

As they were one day hunting together and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities

which he had seen in the Indies: 'It was in this place,' says he, 'that I contracted an acquaintance with an old brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition that I should never reveal it to any man.' The king immediately reflecting on his young favorite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him that he presumed it was the power of making gold. 'No, sir,' says the dervis, 'it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it.'

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the dervis that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young dervis immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated. She came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton tricks, fell upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying brachman; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obligated him therefore by an oath of secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little while to contemplate himself in his new being; for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the princes own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the wood.

The dervis now triumphing in his villany, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in his newly acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the does in the realm. The king had perished among the rest had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale, which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace; where perching upon a tree which stood near the queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being

pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave was with her. He continued however to serenade her every morning, until at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature in her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favorite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the dervis enter the apartment and caress his queen even in his presence.

The usurper amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavor to ingratiate himself with her nightingale, and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die. The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favorite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which appeared to have something in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss. Her women immediately sent for the dervis to come and comfort her, who, after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident; touched at last by her repeated complaints, 'Well madam,' says he, 'I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before!' the queen beheld him with a look, which easily showed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive. The king who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap-dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage, with the utmost indignation twisted off the neck of

the false nightingale. Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident until the king, entreating her to hear him related to her his whole adventure. The body of the dervis, which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived, with the dervis, that no argument even from Fadlallah himself could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath, for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.

From the Ladies' Repository.

### A Chapter on Albums.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

"I DECLARE! Laura, I always find you poring over that everlasting album! I should think you ought to know every word it contains by heart; but the sight of it now reminds me of a story an elderly beau of mine, Major S. was telling me a few days since. I do not know how much of it was true, but suppose not more than half, the Major is so gifted in story-telling. I forget what introduced the subject, but no matter; "Miss Julia," said he, "when I was a young man"—here he made a half pause as if fishing for a compliment—that must have been a great while ago, Major, said I, with a malicious look; this was a damper, for he terribly hates to be thought old, and with a well-feigned sigh he continued, "there was a time, Miss Julia, when I may boast of having been a favorite with the gentler sex; but alas!" O! Major, don't look so desponding; I am sure you are a favorite now, with the ladies in general, myself in particular—here his countenance brightened—for, like wine, you improve by age—here it fell again. Now, Laura, you need not lift upon me such a deprecating glance for if he teases me with his attentions why should not I tease him with my tongue? but if am much longer getting through with the alpha, I shall never come to the omega of my narrative. "Among the many gay girls in the town where I spent my earliest and happiest days, there was one for whom I cherished a most true affection. She was about your age, Miss Julia, with the form of a sylph, eyes of melting ethereal blue, lips like rounded rose-leaves, and long, light locks that curled and waved like silken floss. She was the beauty and belle of our circle, and your humble servant had the honor of being her most favored swain.

But alas! and alack-a-day!  
The course of true love, they say,  
Did never run smooth on its way—

and the obstacle which ruffled the current of our happiness was a sky-blue, gilt-leaved album, that she one day handed me for my contribution, at the same time saying it must be original and in poetry; for she was certain I could write poetry, and if Phrenology had flourished in those days she would probably have asserted with equal truth that I had the 'bump.' Well, I took it home, and for three long months it troubled my thoughts, sleeping or waking. At last a message came from my lady love that she was to leave town on the morrow, and wished her album; but would not take it without my tribute, which must be inserted on pain of her displeasure. This was a spur for my failing courage, and I commenced racking my brain for a subject; but to think she should insist upon poetry—I could easier have written a sermon. In vain I strove to mount the winged steed of Apollo for a gallop up the Parnassian height; he threw his inexperienced rider before he had time to string the syllables of half a line. In vain I tried every room and every chair in the house; no muse had haunted them, and they were all alike uninspiring. I besought the moon to pity me, but she gave no answer, and the gleaming stars stirred not the waters of poesy which lay stagnant at my heart. The brook, the river, the mountain, and the sunset, alike failed to furnish me with a theme, or an image. I had worked myself into a fever of despair, and with desperate determination took my pen for the thousandth time, resolved to make some sort of a rhyme, and this was the fruit of my agonizing:

My native town is Kent, my name is Will,  
My place of residence is on a hill;  
My deeds have never swelled the trump of fame,  
No poet's laurels wreath the around my name.  
I always thought—and now I think so more—  
To write in Albums is a horrid bore.

"Well, Major, what said the lady? I am sure she laughed heartily, for it was unique in its plan, and melodious in execution; I should have considered it a perfect gem."

"Ah, Miss Julia, I wish all young ladies were as sensible and good natured as you are, and more especially the owners of albums; but she of whom I speak was far different. I supposed she would take it as a joke, of course; but whether she really thought me a poet, and expected something sublime—though how she should is a mystery, for that unlucky scrap was the first and last of my rhyming—or wished an excuse to get rid of me, I cannot tell; but she showed more anger than was becoming, refused to correspond with me while absent, treated me as a stranger on her return, and married a wild handsome fellow before a year had passed; and now 'two curly-headed urchins call her mother.' I have hated the very mention of an

album ever since, and the sight of one almost throws me into a syncope; therefore, Miss Julia, if you are the proprietor of one, I entreat you never to request from me an original offering, for it would be very hard refusing to oblige you."

"Let not your heart be troubled, Major, for I have never possessed one of those gilt-bound tormentors; they had become rather unfashionable before my entree into society and are growing more so, but I will have one directly if you will promise to dedicate it with an original poem. He laughed heartily, and taking his hat bade me good morning; and now, Laura do tell me what there is in that old relic of yours, which looks as though it had seen better days, so very interesting, for I have never had the curiosity to inquire before; and don't lecture me about talking so to the Major, for if I did not provoke him occasionally, he would turn my poor light head with his flatteries. I must confess I can swallow a little high-seasoned flattery, but too much of it is sickening, and I hope I am not quite such a simpleton as the man seems to think."

"I can tell no anecdote about my album so amusing as the Major's, which, I am sure, Julia, has lost none of its embellishments in your recital; for you, also, have the gift which was ascribed in the beginning to the 'hero of the tale'; but the book is not less prized by me because the fashion of it is passing away and its years are many, for it was the gift of a beloved brother when I was a wild and light-hearted school-girl, like yourself dear Julia, when no distrust had entered my bosom, and no cloud overshadowed my pathway—when I thought not the time would come to separate so widely those who twined their arms around each other and met every day with a kiss; who toiled over the same studies, laughed away the hours of recreation, and knelt together in evening prayer—or that those who loved me then would not love me always—when we little felt that indifference would grow up between us, that we should ever meet as strangers, or coldly pass each other in the streets of the city. Since those careless days I have drank some bitter draughts from the cup of sorrow, and learned that the things of earth are not so fair as seemed to the young heart; that the clearest dawn may be clouded ere noonday, and the fairest hopes blighted in their budding. Some whose names are here inscribed have gone down to the grave early, while their footsteps were yet on thornless roses, and their eyes bright and joyous as the sunlight of morning; O, dear to my heart are the characters which their young hands traced! Some are still my most true friends, therefore do I value what they have written—some are far away, and others have forgotten me. The blue, cold



sea rolls over the form of that beloved brother and one who was even dearer than a brother. They went forth upon the voyage with buoyant spirits, to view the wonders of the olden world, the scenes of her romantic legends, her storied castles and her haunted grots—to gaze upon the works of her immortal artists, the all but breathing marble and the life-like canvass; but all we know of is that they were never heard of more. It was one of their last acts, on the eve of departure, to playfully place their autographs here together, within an emblematic wreath, and the leaf has often been blotted with the tears of many friends. Such are the memories connected with my album; do you wonder, Julia, that it is often read, and carefully preserved, by one who would not cast away a faded flower which a friend had given her without reluctance, or breathe "that withering word, farewell," but with sad forebodings, and a longing for the time when it shall be spoken no more forever?

'O! Laura, I am grieved to think of having lightly mentioned the book you prize so much; but they are so often full of idle flattery, unmeaning compliments and hollow professions; I thought not they might contain truth also, and hold enshrined pleasant or sad remembrances. Their pages should never be filled by the hands of strangers, but held sacred to truth and the offerings of friendship and esteem. I should like to converse with you longer upon this subject, but mother wished me to return soon. I know you will forgive me if I have said anything which wounded your feelings, and now, dear Laura, good bye; I will bring my work and sit with you again to-morrow.'

Hartford, Ct.

## MISCELLANY.

### The Parson's Boots.

THE Rev. Mr. F——, of Connecticut, was a whole souled and obliging man. He would deny his neighbors nothing in the way of accommodation, which in conscience they could ask. But as a sort of offset, it was hinted that he claimed a return in the good graces of the wives, daughters, and so forth, of his much obliged neighbors. Whether common report belied the parson or not, the result was the same, and many a high joke, both sly and open, was passed off at his expense. A young man, a neighbor of his, wished to appear in boots on a certain occasion, and having none of his own, went to ask the loan of the parson's. 'Yes Joel,' said the good parson, 'you may have the boots; but you must return them soon.' 'Sartinly,' returned Joel, 'I'll fetch them home right away as soon as ever I'm done with 'em, and that'll be to-morrow evening if nothing hap-

pens.' The parson looked out for his boots on the morrow, but they did not come. It was the same the next day after, and so on for three weeks. In all that time, Joel never showed his face, and the bootless parson began to loose all patience, when one day, meeting the delinquent with a boot in each hand, he exclaimed, 'Well young man, you are a pretty fellow, are you not?' 'Why so the gals say,' replied Joel, showing his teeth. 'You forgot to bring home my boots as you promised.' 'O, no, I didn't forget Mr.——, I sot out the very next day evening to fetch 'em home. But just as I got agin the road, your boots would'n't go an inch furdur, and I was obliged to stop and talk along with the gals awhile, till by and by it got to be so late, thinks I, I won't bring the boots home to night.' 'Well what hindered you from bringing them home the next evening?' 'Why, the next evening I sot out with 'em again, and with a good deal of whippin and spurrin, I got them past the road that leads to the deacon's; and now thinks I, I'll get along well enough. Well, and so it turned out, until I come to the lane that turns down to Col. Butrick's and there as true as I am alive, the boots stopped again, and they would'n't budge a step, till I'd gone down and talked with Sally Butrick awhile. So it got to be late agin that evening.' 'But that does not account for the whole three weeks.' 'No, but I'll tell you how it was. The very next evening I determined the boots should go home whether or no. So I set out to fetch 'em away round across lots, so as not to pass the deacon's road nor the colonel's lane.—Well, this project worked amazin' well.—The two greatest difficulties were got over, and now thinks I, I'll take the high road again; but deuce take the boots, as I came opposite the widow Smith's they would stop again. And so it was evening after evening, until this morning, I thought I'd set out in the day time, and see what I could do then.' The parson vexed as he was, could not help smiling at Joel's account of the perversity of his boots, and congratulated him on his success in getting them thus far on their way home. 'Why, to be sure,' said Joel, 'I've been rather lucky in gettin' by, as it were, all the most dangerous places, but I had to work pretty hard for though it was day time, the boots kept a ternal twitching and jerking as I came by the deacon's and the colonel's and the widow's. But I took the bits in my teeth and set my face strait afore me, and here I am. And now Mr. F——, if you'll just take charge of the boots yourself, I'll be much obliged to you.' 'Oh, certainly Joel and glad to get 'em so.' Joel handed over the boots and said, as he turned about to go back, 'I'm very much obliged to you for the use on 'em, Mr. F——; they are capital

boots and fitted me to a shavin, but the truth on't is, they have a tarnashun nack of going to see the gals.—New-York Transcript.

DURING the rebellion in Scotland, Earl Chesterfield was in Ireland, and, one morning when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran very abruptly into his chamber—'My Lord, we are undone,' says he, 'all Ireland is expected to be up immediately.' 'Why, what o'clock is it?' says the Earl. 'Ten, my Lord,' answered the gentleman. 'Then I will get up myself,' says his Lordship, 'for I think every man ought to be up at ten o'clock.'

A YOUNG clergyman having, in the the hearing of Dr. Harr, stated he would believe nothing he could not understand, 'The young man,' said the doctor, 'your creed will be shortest of any man's I know.'

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. S. A. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. A. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; G. P. J. Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; F. A. R. Hartford, Ct. \$1.00; D. S. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; N. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; H. B. Poitsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; D. G. C. Perryville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. H. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oriskany, N. Y. \$5.00; N. F. East Lexington, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Prattville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. J. M. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Otsdawa, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Plymouth Vt. \$1.00; E. G. Sunderland Ms. \$1.00.

From the Albany Argus.

### Hudson Lunatic Asylum.

S. & G. H. White, M. D. Proprietors.

During the year 1838, ninety eight patients have enjoyed the benefits of this institution. Sixty have been admitted during the year, and thirty-eight were remaining at the close of 1837.

The whole number of recent cases,	30
"        chronic        "	65
"        intemperate	3
	98
Of the recent cases, 15 recovered, 5 convalescent, 5 improving, 1 unimproved, 4 died,	30
Of the chronic cases, 9 recovered, 6 convalescent, 21 much improved, 15 improving, 10 stationary, 4 died,	65
Intemperate, 2 reformed, 1 unreformed,	3
	98

Remaining, Jan. 1, 1839, 43 patients, to wit: Chronic cases 33, recent do. 10.

Since the opening of this institution, a period of eight years and a half, four hundred and ten patients have been admitted.

Family worship has been continued during the past year, daily, with beneficial effects, which all the quiet patients have the privilege of enjoying.

### MARRIED.

In Arlington, Vt. on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brayton, Mr. David S. Adams of Union Village, N. Y. to Miss Louisa B. Andrews, of Arlington.

At Ghent, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, Mr. Elisha Rowe, of Livingston, to Miss Lany Ann Link, eldest daughter of John W. Link, Esq. of the former place.

At Mellenville, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Hiram H. Wilkinson, to Miss Magdalen Shufelt, both of Ghent.

At Churchtown, on the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. Frederick D. Pultz to Miss Anna Maria Hagedorn, both of Claverack.

At Canaan, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Amasa Curtis, to Mrs. Fanny Bagly, both of Tyringham, Massachusetts.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. Theodore Graves, of Deerfield, Mass. to Miss Eliza M. Graves, of the former place.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Edward, son of Mrs. Maria Race in his 16th year.

On the 11th inst. Mr. David Plumb, in his 28th year.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Melissa A. consort of James Harvey Gaul, after an illness of five months, which she bore with resignation and Christian fortitude, aged 22 years, 4 months and 8 days.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Lonely Musings.

Oh, 'tis a dark and gloomy day,  
When all our friends have passed away,  
And, slumbering beneath the clay,  
Have left us broken hearted.  
How oft will fancy's dreams renew—  
And saddening memory bring to view,  
The love sincere—the friendship true,  
Which leave with them departed.

Compelled alone to pass the street,  
Where not one friend of youth I meet,  
Nor aught to guide my wandering feet,  
Save the dim lamp of even;  
Let, then, the tomb enclose me round,  
For quiet there and peace are found,  
Nor parting tones disturb the ground,  
Where rests the child of heaven.

Townsend, Ma. 1839.

S. B.

From the New-York Evening Post.

## Margaret Miller Davidson.

Among the deaths mentioned in the journals, is that of Miss Margaret Miller Davidson, which took place at Saratoga Springs, in the 16th year of her age. She was the sister of Lucretia M. Davidson, whose literary remains have been published, and were deemed so extraordinary that one of the most eminent authors of the age thought them worthy of a notice from his pen in the Quarterly Review. Margaret, the youngest sister, whose death has recently occurred, was if possible, a more extraordinary person than the elder poetess. Her intellectual powers showed indications of astonishing strength and maturity at an age when she was scarcely out of her infancy. When she was but five years old she learned to write of her own accord, and in secret, by copying the printed characters in books, and the first use she made of the art was to commit to paper the verses which she even then composed. She observed, however the greatest reserve in regard to her writings, and it was only by accident that her mother, in discovering a little hoard of her literary treasures, found that she had learned to write, and at that tender age had already become an author. The following lines were written at the age of nine years. We question whether the annals of literary composition can show any thing produced at that age, equal to them in merit, in propriety and beauty of thought, versification and command of language.

## Home.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,  
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair.  
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,  
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light.  
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,  
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear;  
I would leave the great city, so brilliant and gay,  
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.  
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,  
But the love of my home, oh! 'tis tenderer yet,  
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,  
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded her breath:  
A father I love is away from me now,  
Oh! could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,  
Or smooth the grey locks to my fond heart so dear,  
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear.  
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,  
But my own happy home—it is dearer than all.

Her moral faculties were unfolded with the same prematurity as her intellectual. She is described to us as one of the most conscientious, right minded and affectionate of human beings, overflowing with the most generous sympathies.

A shade of melancholy, however, always seemed to rest upon her mind, as if a presentiment of her early fate was continually present. Her bodily and nervous organization were extremely delicate. A strain of fine music produced upon her the most remarkable effect; it made her tremble and weep, and sometimes seemed almost to stop the circulation in her veins. She died of the consumption early, and it seemed, fully ripened, both in her moral and intellectual nature, for the next stage of our being, that world of subtler essence, larger knowledge and deeper emotions.

The following is the last thing she wrote. It is addressed to her mother, and seems to have been composed in the prospect of approaching dissolution:

Oh mother, would the power were mine  
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,  
And breathe each trembling new-born thought  
Within thy fondly listening ear,  
As when in days of health and glee,  
My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed  
Athwart my brightest visions here;  
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapt  
The remnant of my brief career!  
No song, no echo, can I win,  
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,  
And fancy spreads her wings no more,  
And oh, how vain and trivial seem  
The pleasures that I prized before;  
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,  
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;  
Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,  
The pathway to eternal life!  
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,  
I'll sing thee, as in 'days of yore.'

I said that hope had passed from earth,  
'Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven,  
To whisper of the soul's new birth,  
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven;  
When mine are washed in tears away,  
Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,  
By the soft chords of Heavenly love—  
When the vain cares of earth depart,  
And tuneful voices swell my heart—  
Then shall each word, each note I raise,  
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,  
And all not offered at his shrine,  
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

## On the Death of a Sister.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I KNEW that we must part; day after day,  
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way  
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,  
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;  
Feeble and slow the once light footstep grew,  
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,  
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,  
Each sweet 'Good night' fell fainter from thy tongue.  
I knew that we must part—no power could save  
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;  
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,

Looking a sister's fondness to the last;  
Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,  
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;  
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart,  
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Mary—thou art gone—  
Gone in thine innocence, meek-suffering one.  
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep,  
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,  
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,  
And felt, even then, that God was greatly good.  
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,  
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,  
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 'twere given  
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven?  
Then, like tired breezes, didst thou sink to rest,  
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed,  
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,  
And touched each feature with a newborn grace;  
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,  
And told that life's poor cares had passed away.  
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,  
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted MARY—thou art dead!  
On its last resting place I laid thy head,  
Then by the coffin side knelt down, and took  
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look!  
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned,  
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;  
Ah! then I felt that thou hadst passed! away,  
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay!  
And then came Memory, with her busy throng  
Of tender images, forgotten long.  
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,  
I saw thee—heard thee, as in days of old;  
Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,  
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;  
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,  
I turned away—and felt that we had parted.

But not forever—in the silent tomb,  
Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;  
A little while—a few short years of pain,  
And, one by one we'll come to thee again.  
The kind old Father shall seek out the place,  
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race;  
The dear, dear Mother—bent with age and grief—  
Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;  
Sister and Brother, and that faithful Friend—  
True from the first and tender to the end—  
All, all, in His good time—who placed us here,  
To live, to love, to die and disappear—  
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,  
Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree;  
With thee to sleep, through death's long dreamless  
night,  
With thee rise up, and bless the morning light.

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